

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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Business Directory.

NATIONAL GOVERNMENT.
President.....Ulysses S. Grant
Vice-President.....Henry Wilson
Secretary of State.....William H. Seward
Secretary of the Treasury.....Charles D. Smith
Secretary of War.....William B. Franklin
Secretary of the Navy.....Gideon Welles
Attorney General.....Edwards Pierpont
Postmaster General.....Montgomery Blair
Speaker of the House.....Samuel J. Tilden
Clerk of the House.....George C. Gorham
Clerk of the Senate.....Edward McPherson

STATE GOVERNMENT.
Governor.....Thomas A. Osborn
Lieutenant Governor.....M. J. Salter
Secretary of State.....H. H. Cavanaugh
State Treasurer.....Samuel Lippin
Attorney General.....A. M. F. Randolph
State Auditor.....D. W. Wilson
Sup't. Public Instruction.....John Praser

COUNTY OFFICERS.
Judge.....District Judge
County Clerk.....County Clerk
County Treasurer.....County Treasurer
County Auditor.....County Auditor
County Surveyor.....County Surveyor
County Jailor.....County Jailor
County Marshal.....County Marshal

CITY OFFICERS.
Mayor.....Mayor
Police Judge.....Police Judge
City Clerk.....City Clerk
City Treasurer.....City Treasurer
City Auditor.....City Auditor
City Surveyor.....City Surveyor
City Jailor.....City Jailor
City Marshal.....City Marshal

CHURCHES.
METHODIST EPISCOPAL.
Corner of Jefferson and Broadway St.
Services every Sabbath at 10 a. m. and 7 p. m.
Prayer meeting Thursday evenings at 7 p. m.
H. K. MOTH, Pastor.

PRESBYTERIAN.
Corner Madison and Western street.
Services 10 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School at 9 a. m.
S. G. CLARK, Pastor.

BAPTIST.
On Scammon street. Services every Sabbath at 10 a. m. and 7 p. m. Prayer meeting on Thursday evening. Church meeting at 2 p. m. on Saturday before the first Sabbath in each month. Sabbath School at 9 a. m. C. T. FLOYD, Pastor.

Secret Societies.

IOLA LODGE, NO. 38.
A. F. & A. Masons meet on the first and third Saturdays of every month. Brethren in good standing are invited to attend. H. W. TALBOT, W. M. J. N. WATKINS, Sec'y.

IOLA LODGE, NO. 21.
I. O. of Odd Fellows hold their regular meetings every Tuesday evening, in their hall, next door north of the post office. Visiting brethren in good standing are invited to attend. C. M. SIMPSON, N. G. W. C. JONES, Sec'y.

Hotels.

LELAND HOUSE.
B. D. ALLEN, Proprietor. IOLA, KANSAS. This house has been thoroughly repaired and refitted and is now the most desirable place in the city for travelers to stop. No pains will be spared to make the guests of the Leland feel at home. Baggage transferred to and from Depot free of charge.

CITY HOTEL.
RICHARD PROCTOR, Proprietor. IOLA, Kansas. Single meals 25 cents. Day boarders one dollar per day.

Attorneys.

NELSON F. ACERS.
ATTORNEY AT LAW. IOLA, ALLEN COUNTY, KANSAS. Has the only full and complete set of Abstracts of Allen county.

FRANK W. BARTLETT.
ATTORNEY AT LAW. IOLA, Kansas. Money to loan on long time and at low rates on well improved farms in Allen county.

MURRAY & RICHARDS.
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW. Money in sums from \$500.00 to \$5,000.00 loaned on long time upon improved farms in Allen, Anderson, Woodson, and Neosho counties.

Physicians.

M. DEMOSS, M. D.
OFFICE over Jno. Francis & Co.'s Drug Store. Residence on Washington street, 2nd door south Neosho street.

A. J. FULTON, M. D.
L. C. P. S. Ont. Canada, graduate Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, member of the Alumni Association Jefferson College, Physician Surgeon and Accoucheur. Office and residence over Heck's grain and feed store, Iola, Kas.

Miscellaneous.

L. L. LOW.
GENERAL AUCTIONEER. IOLA, Kansas. Cries sales in Allen and adjoining counties.

H. A. NEEDHAM.
COUNTY CLERK. Conveyancing carefully done, and acknowledgments taken. Maps and plans neatly drawn.

J. N. WHITE.
UNDERTAKER. Madison avenue, Iola, Kansas. Wood coffins constantly on hand and hearse always in readiness. Metallic Burial Cases furnished on short notice.

H. REIMERT.
TAILOR. Iola, Kansas. Scott Brother's old stand. Clothing made to order in the latest and best styles. Satisfaction guaranteed. Cleaning and repairing done on short notice.

J. E. THORP.
BARBER SHOP on Washington avenue first door south of L. L. Northrup's. Fuel, Produce and Vegetables of all kinds taken in exchange for work. Also, a few good second-hand Razors for sale cheap. Also a fine quality of Hair Oil.

D. F. GIVENS.
WATCHMAKER, JEWELER, AND CLOCK REPAIRER. At the postoffice, Iola, Kansas. Clocks, Watches and Jewelry, promptly and neatly repaired and warranted. A fine assortment of Clocks, Jewelry, Gold pens and other fancy articles, which will be sold cheap.

JOHN KELLY.
BARBER. Shop at City Hotel, Iola, Kansas. Shaving, 10c; Hair-Cutting, 25c; Shampooing, 5c.

MONEY ON WELL IMPROVED FARMS. On five years time or less at a lower rate of interest than ever before charged in this State.
J. B. WATKINS & CO.,
Lawrence, Kansas.
Address them at Lawrence, Manhattan, Emporia, Humboldt, Parsons or Wichita.

A Bewitched Boy.

You have, no doubt, ere this heard about the bewitched Diener boy at Boyerton. The story is the event of the season, and nothing else is talked about in this region. For the purpose of getting the facts in the case, we yesterday visited Boyerton and interviewed the lad and his parents. The lad said he was nearly 10 years old, and that his name was Henry Oscar Diener. He is of stout build, regular features, rosy cheeks, clear, intelligent blue eyes, and prominent forehead.

He converses with ease and appeared to have had some little education. His general appearance indicated health, and no matter what produces the "spells" with which he is afflicted, no bodily ailment was noticeable. Here's what his father, Adam Diener, and his mother, who formerly resided in Reading, had to say about the remarkable affair:

Last March one year ago he had the first spell, and with the exception of several months last spring he had one, and sometimes two every day. While the fit is on his eyes become glassy, face contorted, hands cold and skin of a livid hue. He will spring over chairs, sit on their backs squirrel fashion, suspend himself by his hands to nails in the wall, jump out and in windows, and performs a feat which the most expert show actor would not dare to undertake—that is of walking around the room on a subsurface, the width of which is not over one inch. He at times becomes furious, and the family are obliged to keep their distance. He scratches and bites but does not raise an arm to strike. He passes around the floor like a dog or any other four-footed animal. He imitates to perfection the mewing of a cat, the barking of a dog, the chirping of a bird, the neighing of a horse, and the bleating of a lamb. While the spell is on he frequently breaks crockery ware and upsets the furniture, but was never known to sustain any injury to his person therefrom. The fit, or whatever else it may be termed, usually lasts about half an hour, and when it leaves him, he awakes as though from a dream, seemingly much refreshed. He can tell all that took place while in that state with a clearness and minuteness most remarkable. Now the family really believe that the boy is bewitched, and base their arguments on the following incidents connected with the affair: The first day he had a spell it was brought about, they say, through him falling out with an old woman of seventy, residing with his daughter in Engleville, about one mile distant. This woman is said to be a sort of a sorceress, and from some cause not explained she took a deep dislike to the boy. He passed her house daily on his way to school, and on one occasion, when he refused to accept a piece of bread from her hands, she went over a long rimmarole of incantations, and remarked that the devil would take possession of his body for a certain time every day of his life. Last April the old hag visited Chester county, and remained away until about two weeks ago. Most remarkable to state the boy had no spells while she was gone, but on the very day of her return they returned also. The woman on that day was seen by the neighbors in front of the boy's residence making peculiar motions with her arms, and drawing circles in the sand. Last Thursday week Dr. Diener took his son to Reading to a witch doctor, on Neversink street, who now has his case in hand. No medicine was prescribed, the modus operandi of the treatment being purely of the black art kind, and the family are forbidden to divulge the nature of the cabalistic signs and incantations they are obliged to perform.

Yesterday, one week ago, while father and son were sitting on a settee in a down stairs room, the boy broke out, and after squirming around the room suddenly seemed to pick up something from the floor. He closed his hand and refused to open it until he came to himself, when it was found to contain a twenty-five cent note. He says he saw the money flying across the fields coming from the direction of the witch's house, and enter the window and drop on the floor. He further says that a long red string was attached to it, which disappeared again out of the window. The father says no one in the house is known to have had a single cent of money less than a \$1 bill. The scrip was placed under a glass, and by instruction of the doctor (2) it was torn in half last Sunday, the one part being retained while the other was burned in a brimstone fire.

Mr. Diener, the father, is a man of ordinary caliber. His wife seems, mentally, the strongest of the two. Both are firm in the belief that the boy is bewitched. The neighbors to a great extent share in their opinion, and in consequence considerable excitement exists in that locality. Hundreds visit the boy daily, and the story we have related here is the one repeated by the party to all those who call.—Reading (Pa.) Eagle.

He is not only idle that does nothing; but he is idle who might be better employed.

Nature has sometimes made a fool; but a coxcomb is always of a man's own making.

The First Temperance Story.

"I hear you children talk a great deal about temperance," said our old grand-ma. "Would you like to hear the first temperance story that I ever heard?"

"Oh! yes," we all exclaimed, always ready for one of grand-ma's stories. So she told us this story:

"When I was a little girl we lived among the hills of Scotland, where my father had a large sheep-farm. Temperance was never heard of there, and every day we had home-made beer, and drank as much as they wanted; no friends ever came in without being asked to have some old whisky. On market and fair days, as the little folks were told; and all the folk that would be made about it was, 'Folks must have a little fun sometimes.' I used to think that getting sick was queer fun, but as I grew to understand that it was the whisky that made them sick, I wondered why people would take so much trouble to brew anything to make them sick and cross for a long time after they drank it.

"One day—I shall never forget it—we were in the kitchen with mother who was speaking very kindly to a poor crazy woman who had stopped to rest and beg a cup of milk. Mother felt so sorry for her that she brought her a glass of hot whisky and offered it to her. In an instant glass and whisky were hurled to the back of the fire. How her eyes sparkled! She screamed out, 'how dare you give me a drink of fire—bro I say?' We did not know what to think, and clung to mother, who tried to quiet the old woman, but it was of no use. 'I want to warn you and your pretty little ones never to taste the stuff that has burned up my husband and child, and left me married to a fine lad as ever walked. We had a sweet little baby and a cozy home. My husband and I always kept the jug in the corner of the cupboard. After a while I thought it had to be filled a great deal oftener than when we were first married; and not only that but Joe (my husband) would stay too late when out with a friend, and I would mix some hot drink to put me to sleep, and sometimes would drink so much I could scarcely remember to go to bed afterward. So you see I was getting fond of it, too.

"One night I left the baby in Joe's care, and set the jug and glass on the table for company while I stayed with a sick neighbor. Before morning we heard a noise, and, going out, found it was my home in flames; but by the time we got there, the roof had fallen in on Joe and the baby. They never would have been burned up if he had not let the candle or pipe fall into the cradle. I learned to hate it too late; but I want you to hate it as much as I do."

"My dear children," said our grand mother when she finished the story, "that was our first lesson in temperance, and it was a good one. Not one of us who heard the old beggar woman ever would drink after that. We did not have Bands of Hope in those days; but I am thankful that we have now, and I bless God that my grand children belong to one."—Exchange.

Locusts.

Do you hear that strange noise like a rustling in the air, the shouts of the people? And do you see how darkness comes on? Do not be frightened, it is a flight of locusts coming. In ten minutes they will be here. Down they fall like a hail-storm. It is very unpleasant to be covered with them; they will not bite us, but they will strip every garden in an hour. If you do not fear a few nestling in your hair or hat, and running about your throat, you may watch that tree covered with blossoms; it is already alive with locusts, and you will see them strip a branch, as if somebody were using a knife. Poor people! no wonder they are about these dreadful insects will destroy all their crops, producing a kind of famine by raising the price of provisions and often in the hot season announce cholera.—Inner Life in Syria by Mrs. Burton.

FOUNTAIN OF DEATH.—A writer in a California paper says: "About half a mile over the mountain from Barlet Springs, there is what is called the Gas Springs. This is probably the greatest curiosity of the mountains.—The water is ice cold, but bubbling and foaming as if it boiled, and the greatest wonder is the inevitable destruction of life produced by inhaling the gas. No living thing is to be found within a circle of one hundred yards of the spring. The very birds if they happen to fly over it drop dead. We experimented with a lizard on its destructive properties, by holding it a few feet above the water. It was dead in two minutes. We stood over it about five minutes when a dull, heavy aching sensation crept over us, and our eyes began to swim.—The gas which escapes here is of the rankest kind of carbonic, hence its sure destruction of life; also of quenching of flames instantaneously.

The happiest moments in a woman's life are when she is making her wedding garments; the saddest, when her husband comes home late at night and yells to her from the front steps to throw him out some key-holes, assorted sizes.

No Time For Any Thing.

"The difficulty in this country is, that we have no time for anything. The very walk of an American shows that he is in a hurry. An Englishman buttons his coat and gloves, and goes to business as deliberately as he goes to church. An American business man flies after the car, struggling with his coat-sleeves as he runs, plunges in head-foremost, and plunges out at the end without regard to his neck. Chief amongst our accidents stands those which occur because people jump upon flying trains, or after departing boats. To wait ten minutes is something not to be thought of. Dinner is not eaten, it is swallowed whole; and when one comes to the dessert he finds that the fruit was picked before it was ripe."

"Everything is hurried through from the building of a house to the caring of a ham. The women who work on sewing machines stop before they come to the end of the seam. The dress-maker sends home your dress with basting threads in it, and no hooks to hang it up by."

"There is none of the slow, sure completeness of the old world about anything, and even fortunes are made in a hurry, and lost in the same way. If any man we know is getting rich by the slow and patient process of saving, be sure that he was not born on this continent."

"Yet people live as long here as they do anywhere else, and the days are the same length. Why is it we have no time for anything?" MARY KYLE DALLAS.

Vanderbilt's Boyhood.

The old Commodore was born on Staten Island. His family were Moravians. The old church is still preserved but the homestead is going to decay. The owner will not lay out any money to put things to rights. The barn is an old tumble down thing, and stands a nuisance amid fine improvements. Vanderbilt when a boy was as far above his associates as he is now above the business men of this age. He was known as "Cornelia." He was a slim, tall, dark, athletic lad, doing what no one else would dare to do. For a consideration he would row to New York on a dark, tempestuous night, when all but the daring boatman expected to see him go to the bottom. When a mere lad he earned \$500 by putting a crew on board a vessel in the harbor in a storm. He owed his start to a daring feat. At the risk of his life he rowed a man to the battery, the man laying flat on the bottom of the skiff, not speaking on the trip. That man's father wanted a fearless man to run an opposition steamboat, and though years had passed away he came to New York and asked for Cornelia the daring boatman. Vanderbilt has no real estate in his own name except the house he lives in. It was all conveyed to William for the consideration of \$1 on the eve of the old man's marriage.

A Proposed Insect Commission.

A memorial was submitted to the meeting of the American Association for the advancement of science, at Detroit, Michigan, and approved, which addresses Congress with relation to the establishment of a national insect commission. The documents state that the damage done by the noxious insects in the United States amounts to \$300,000,000 per annum. The subscribers propose either the re-organization of the Department of Agriculture, under the control of the highest scientific authorities, or the appointment of a commission of five persons, to wit: three entomologists, one chemist and one botanist, eminent in their respective branches of science, to be chosen by the Council of the National Academy of Science, and approved by the Secretary of the Treasury, with salaries adequate for the responsible work. The duty of this commission would be to investigate the causes which affect injuriously agricultural interests, and to suggest the best means of diminishing the losses.

The results of such investigations should be embodied in brief reports, containing practical instructions and made useful by personal education, to every farmer in the country.—Scientific American.

Unredeemed Pledges.

When full protection is accorded to every American citizen, white or black, in every State of the Union; when a Republican is as safe in Georgia as a Democrat is in Michigan; when life and property are secure from the raids of midnight assassins and plunderers; when the simple utterance, 'I am an American citizen' becomes a better protection to citizenship than the rifle or the knife; when the full fruits of the war are accepted with the same good faith at the South as the North; when the national debt is so far reduced as to be no longer felt as a burden; when our currency becomes as valuable as gold, and the credit of the nation equal to that of any other government; when our taxes are cut down to the lowest possible limit, and all sections of the country become prosperous through unity of purpose and harmony of action, then the people may consider the claims of Democracy. Until these sacred pledges are made good, the Republican party must continue at the head of government affairs.

The Folks in the Moon.

With all their peeping, watching, and star gazing, says a St. Louis contemporary, astronomers take most interest in the appearance and motions of our own satellite. The moon has been watched through telescopes, spy glasses, and with the bare eye, and time after time urged to yield up her secrets to human inspection, but always in vain. Beyond ascertaining that there was neither air nor moisture in that portion of her disc turned toward us, and that her mountains were of wonderful height, nothing was discovered.

A European wiseacre, according to Verne, some years ago proposed what he called an infallible way of communicating with the inhabitants of our attendant planet. This was to proceed to the vast steppes of Siberia or South America and there describe on the earth vast diagrams, some of which should be 100 miles long.

He contended that all the universe must be acquainted with the principles of geometry, and particularly that the pons asinorum must be known to every inhabitant of every star. He urged that the people of the moon, seeing these diagrams on the earth, would respond by similar figures, which we could observe in our turn, and thus a means of communication could be established.

Passing by Verne's wonderful account of the journey to the moon, there is now reported a discovery which is much more wonderful than true. Indeed when the grain of the fact is sifted out, it appears so small as to be infinitesimal. Some Russian astronomers claim to have discovered a bright spot on the moon's extreme edge, which appeared and then vanished for several months, but has finally reappeared.

It cannot be the top of a mountain, for there are none in the vicinity of its situation. So the only thing that the astronomers can guess it to be is a huge mirror. They think the Lunarians have hung it up there to watch what is being done on the earth. This unreasonable supposition they follow up with a series of data whereby to prove that the premium looking glass is more than an hundred feet in diameter, and must be at least ten miles above the surface of the moon.

It is pleasant to think that the lunar folks have arrived at such a degree of mechanical accuracy and are possessed of so much curiosity that they are willing to hang a looking glass up at that height in order to see how we get along; but when the whole story turns out to be a hoax, the moon men, from the reaction of feeling, will not even get the credit they deserve.

Old Ben Wade's Remedy.

Ex-Senator B. F. Wade, of Ohio, was invited to make an old-fashioned tariff speech at Youngstown the other day, but he declined on account of ill health. In his letter he said: "The only cause for present evils is the want of a high protective tariff. This would enable us to do our own work, and is the only remedy for the thousands who are now out of work and can find no employment. No nation ever had a better currency than we have now, and no relief will come from any attempt to change it. What we want is to do our own work at home. Look at France, just out of the most disastrous and expensive war known to history, and the enormous indemnity she had to pay to Germany. What miracle in her behalf enabled her to pay it off so soon in gold? It was because France does all her work at home, and consequently owes nothing abroad. We should have a tariff on all foreign finery that would make our fools and would-be aristocracy open their eyes. If any man or woman desires to live in a style beyond the skill of our own workmen let them pay for their vanity. But the Republican party have become weak-kneed on this subject, and they do not pronounce the word protective above their breath. Oh, for the firmness, courage, and honesty of old Henry Clay.

One Is Enough.

Some fool or fools are talking of starting a second paper at Hutchinson, Reno county. We do not know the name of the parties, but believe they are either idiots or knaves, and if the people countenance their silly efforts in that direction, they are acting unfairly toward Mr. Meredith, who publishes a model weekly in every respect. We have no patience with those politicians who, when they cannot conduct their home paper to suit their personal interests, hold out inducements to some poor fellow with a small amount of money and brains, to start a rival sheet. We believe that Hutchinson cannot support one paper as it should be and if another appears, instead of a representative journal as it now has, it will be infested with two sickly, puny, begging sheets, a disgrace to the county and the town. Mark our words.—Lawrence Tribune.

The People of England are becoming

exercised about the prevailing high price of meat. A public meeting was held in London, recently, which demanded the removal of all government restrictions on importations, and at which meeting an association to secure a supply of live cattle from the United States was formed.

The Slow Times.

We do not look for a sudden revival of business any longer. If our diagnosis of the case is correct, there can be no sudden cure. We of this generation will hardly live to see the country genuinely prosperous. Great masses of property are to be abandoned. The capital stock of multitudes of corporations will be sunk, and their property will pass into the hands of bondholders and creditors, at such a price that they may possibly be made remuneratively useful. Hundreds of millions of invested funds will practically cease to exist. The things in which these funds have been invested cannot be used and they might just as well have been thrown into the fire. Thus the means of living have been enormously reduced among capitalists, and more men need work to do than used to need it. With this fact on one side, we find set over against the other fact, that, of the multitude who had adjusted their industry to the condition of war, only a part are needed under the conditions of peace. Tens, twenties, fifties are to be counted out of the mills, the factories, the shops, and sent either to idleness, or into some other field of industry. In other words our national industry is to be re-adjusted.

The cities and centers which have grown so rapidly will naturally cease to grow. The larger cities will grow perhaps, as London grows, by their attraction for men of wealth, but the men of enterprise will not crowd into places where there is no work or reward for them. The boys will stand by their fathers' farms better than they have done, and hundreds of thousands of men and women who have left the farm and the farm-house must return to them. It is pleasant to reflect that a living can be won from the ground, and that agriculture holds a certain cure for all our troubles. Mr. Greeley's old advice, "Go West, young man," was based upon a philosophy whose soundness the people of this time cannot question. The tendency in his time was to overdo business and that tendency went on, to the disastrous results of which all of us are the witnesses and the victims.

It is pitiful to see men and women lying idle. It is pitiful to see them in great masses thrown out of employment. We wish they could be made to understand how hopeless the situation is for at least half of them—how necessary it is that they should seek employment in agricultural pursuits, in lives of industry adapted to the present circumstances of the country—in anything and any place except that which is proved to be insufficient for their needs. This change must come, and the quicker it comes the better for the country. Let us leave nothing to the political doctors. They cannot help us with any of their schemes except by giving us an honest financial system. Even this cannot work the miracle of making people consume more than they want, and of supplying work where it is not needed. The American people are not lacking in shrewdness, patience, adaptiveness and industry, and the good time will come, though it is likely to be long delayed.—Dr. J. G. Holland; Scribner for October.

She Was Not to Be Laughed At.

The Bowling Green (Ky.) Pantagraph tells this story: "One of our most prominent citizens moved from the country to the city, a few years since, with his family. In pursuance of a custom at their country home, husband and wife each milked one of their two cows. A lady neighbor happening to go over one afternoon while the milking was going on, asked Mrs. J., to let her try to milk. The cow, not liking such familiarity from a stranger, became restive, and showed evidence of using her hind leg in such a manner that the visitor hastily resigned her position, which was immediately taken by Mrs. J., but the cow, not aware of the change, with one blow upturned the milk-bucket and sent Mrs. J. sprawling on the ground. Mr. J. is passionately fond of a joke, and had been watching the affair with a great deal of interest, while quietly milking his cow a few feet away, and was fairly shaking his fat sides with laughter, while Mrs. J. was shaking out the disordered folds of her dress, and knowing she had a very quick temper, he was not surprised to see her hastily seize a hickory stick. But instead of using it on the cow, she rushed up to him and exclaimed, 'Just laugh once more. Just smile even, and I will wear you out right here, you heartless wretch!'"

A little boy wanted to borrow his aunt's dog for a moment, and asked her to let him have a piece of string, so he could lead him. "What are you going to do with him?" said the good lady. The boy hesitated for a moment, and then said: "Well, you see, a boy round the corner bet me his dog was a larger dog than yours." "Well," said the aunt, "suppose it turns out that his dog is the larger one?" "Then," said the nephew, "you'll lose your dog."

In faith, captain, said a son of Erie, as a ship was coming on the coast in inclement winter weather, have ye a almenick on board? No, I haven't. Thin, bejabbers, replied Pat, we shall have to take the weather as it comes.

A Big Centennial Blast.

On July 4, 1876, the great explosion which is to shatter the submarine rocks at Hallett's Point and open a navigable channel for vessels of large draft, coming and going through Long Island Sound to and from New York City, will take place; such, at least, we understand to be the present intention of those in charge of the work. The excavations were completed about two months ago, and the operation now in progress consists in the boring of the holes in which the heavy charges of nitro-glycerine are to be placed. These borings are about half finished, and will require the labor of two or three months longer, after which two months more will be occupied in inserting the charges.

The entire surface undermined measures 21 acres, and the cuttings aggregate 7,042 feet in length, varying in height from 8 to 22 feet, and in width from 12 to 13 feet. There is a roof ten feet thick between the mine and the water; and the latter, at the outer edge of the excavation, is 36 feet deep at low tide. Between the headings and galleries heavy piers are left, which now sustain the immense weight of rock and water above. In each pier from ten to fifteen 2 and 3 inch holes are being drilled, and in the roof similar apertures are being made at intervals of 5 feet apart. All of these openings will be filled with nitro-glycerine, in charges of 8 and 10 pounds, and all will be connected together by gas pipe filled with the same explosive. This will be done during the cold weather when the danger of hauling the nitro-glycerin is greatly diminished.

Previous to the explosion, the coffer dam will be broken away and the water allowed to fill the entire excavation, so that it will serve as a tamping. Then, by means of an electric fuse, the nitro-glycerine in the gas pipe will be fired, which will determine the blowing up of the whole affair. No fear is apprehended as to the result, since it has been determined that the explosion of half the charges will be sufficient to cave in the roof, and cause it to fall to the sunken floor, deepening the water at once to a proper depth, or necessitating but little dredging to complete the work.

The new operations at Flood Rock will involve still greater cuttings than at Hallett's Point. The shaft is now down to a depth of 50 feet. The Hallett's Point work has been greatly delayed by the failure of Congress to provide sufficient appropriations; if the same course be followed with reference to the Flood Rock excavations, it will be manifestly impossible to form any estimate of their time of completion.

Terrible Encounter With a Bear.

Near Lake Town, a small settlement at the south end of Bear Lake, Utah, a terrible conflict occurred a few days ago between two young men of Bailey and Burrill's surveying party and a grizzly bear. A bear had been prowling about the camp, and in the morning young Lowe, accompanied by Howland Stevenson, tracked Bruin to a thicket of brush, which they had concluded to set fire to and then climb up on a neighboring ledge of rocks from which to shoot at him as he should come out. They stepped a few feet into the brush, when they came upon a huge she grizzly with a cub.

Young Lowe, being near her head, was seized by the leg all fell upon his back. As he fell she caught his head between her ponderous jaws, the teeth of one being deeply embedded near his left ear, while the teeth of the other horribly lacerated the right cheek and broke his lower jaw. Stevenson, who had fallen headlong into the brush over the monster's back, had by this time recovered himself and given Bruin a charge of buckshot in the side, but without much effect.

When Lowe fell, his gun, with both hammers raised, was lying with the muzzle upon his chin, but he managed to get it turned upon the bear, and pulling the trigger sent a heavy charge of buckshot into her throat. She loosed her grip and rolled over apparently dead. Stevenson assisted Lowe to camp, and, last evening accompanied by his father, the unfortunate young man reached his home in this city. He is getting on as well as possible under the circumstances.—Salt Lake Tribune.

Here is a "personal explanation" from Parson Brownlow's paper that touches the spot with just as much curtness as anything from the same source ever did: "Our contemporary, of the Press and Herald, in a recent issue, gives its surmises as to the editor of this paper. We will inform our neighbor that on the 30th of last month we were seventy years old. When the painful duty devolved upon us of writing the obituary of the late ex-President Johnson, we had lived to speak kindly of the virtues of the last survivor of the large number of politicians in Tennessee whom we encountered and fought on our advent into public life. That the Lord has been so merciful to us and so long preserved us in the midst of great dangers in prison and out of it, we, in part, attribute to the fact that we never voted the Democratic ticket. We were first a Federalist, then a Whig, now a Republican, and, by the blessing of God, we stand ready to oppose anything or anybody appearing under the name of State Rights Repudiating Democracy."